

am i in love with you? a little.

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am i in love with you? a little.

by [shiyunn](#)

Summary

“Dream, I'm going to put this very simply,” Sapnap begins, eyeing Dream with the start of a small grin. It makes Dream shift uncomfortably where he stands. “You're my best friend right?” Dream nods and Sapnap continues. “I'd rather go swimming with the wild alligators in the lake behind our house than kiss you.”

“There are no alligators behind our house,” Dream tries, but Sapnap gives him a look that tells him that his attempt of changing the subject has failed.

“You know that's not the point.”

Or; Dream is totally not in love with George, or so he thinks.

Notes

hiii its finally here. if youre here from my twitter youve probably seen me talk about this fic quite a bit, ive been working on it for a while. i had to take break for a bit due to school and stuff, but i graduated so i have all summer to write now! i hope you guys enjoy it, its my longest fic yet :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Taking an ‘am i in love with my best friend’ quiz in front of thousands of viewers— *and George*— was definitely going on the list of bad decisions that Dream has made in his life. Their fans already think there is something between them as it is, so Dream probably should've thought it through before agreeing to take the quiz.

He nervously taps his fingers on his galaxy mouse pad that covers a good portion of his desk as the quiz loads on his screen. He doesn't know why he's so nervous about it, but there's nothing to worry about, right?

The quiz is just going to say no, because he's *not* in love with George ; they're best friends, that's all.

Sure, they fall asleep on FaceTime together, and *yeah*, Dream may catch himself staring at George on his second monitor during streams a little more than what most people would consider normal for someone who's ‘just a friend’, but who cares? George is pretty— *Dream won't deny that*— but it doesn't mean that Dream wants to sleep with him.

Dream reads the first question out loud; “Do you ever catch yourself staring at your best friend?”

His fingers slip away from his mouse and keyboard to fidget with the sleeves of the navy blue sweatshirt that he had thrown on this morning. It's almost like the quiz can read his thoughts , and the realization that this might be a horrible idea slowly begins to settle in Dream's mind.

“These questions are going to be so weird aren't they?” He laughs into his microphone, hoping that his nerves aren't so obvious to the thousands of people listening .

His eyes quickly scan the options; ‘*no*’, ‘*once in a while*’ and ‘*all the time*’, and Dream considers them carefully. He wasn't sure if he was willing enough to admit that he's leaning more towards the ‘*all the time*’ option, rather than the ‘*once in a while*’ option.

It's normal to stare at your friends, right? Everyone does that, he thinks.

“I'll say everyone in a while,” he says outloud so that the viewers (and George) can follow along with the quiz. “I feel like that's normal right?” The question hangs in the air, and serves more as reassurance for himself than to get an actual answer.

As Dream progresses through the quiz, the questions also progress; becoming more and more personal the further he goes.

'Do you go out of their way to help them?' ... yes.

'Do you have dreams about them?' ... also a yes.

'Would you be jealous if your best friend got a significant other?' That one was definitely a yes, as George had once mentioned his interest in a girl about two years ago, and Dream vividly remembers how they had gotten into a fight about it. At the time, he couldn't help but feel irritated at the thought of George being enjoyed by someone else; someone who wasn't Dream.

The same feeling returns after reading the quiz question, and bubbles away in his gut.

"I mean, I would be sad that you'd be spending more time with them instead of hanging out with me and Sapnap," Dream explains, using the same reasoning that he had used two years ago.

George scoffs, but doesn't say anything. He had been surprisingly quiet throughout the entire quiz, but Dream doesn't mention it and carries on with the quiz.

Dream discovers that the questions that really make him think are the ones that mention in-person-things, such as the question; *'do you get butterflies when you touch?'*

The two of them have never touched. There's four thousand miles and an entire ocean between them, and yet Dream can't help but feel inclined to pick 'yes'.

The chat in the discord is freaking out, which Dream had expected, but the fact that they seem to have noticed how he's obviously trying to make platonic excuses for his answers does scare him a little because he's *not* in love with George.

They're best friends, that's all they'll ever be.

He ignores how the thought makes his heart drop.

They reach the last question; ‘Do you ever think about kissing your best friend?’ *Yes* .

Dream *has* thought about what it would be like to kiss George. He thinks about what it would be like to have George's pretty pink lips pressed against his own more often than he would ever admit.

“Everyone thinks about kissing their friends, right?” He reasons again, trying to convince himself more than anyone else.

George stays silent.

Dream presses the button with his answer, once again lying to himself in hopes to stomach his feelings. He's not ready to deal with them yet, let alone accept that they are there.

The click of his mouse registers and a little bar shows that his results are being calculated.

Dream's throat tightens. *Don't be nervous, it will say no. You're not in love with him.*

The page refreshes and the answer is displayed on his bright monitor. “You are a little in love with your best friend,” Dream reads, and the immediate sound of George's giggling meets his ears.

“Oh yeah?”

“That's what the quiz says,” Dream replies tightly, struggling to think of what to do next. *Thousands* of people just listened to him take a quiz about maybe loving his best friend, and he was sure that a hashtag may already be trending about it.

He doesn't really know how to feel about it.

Deep down , a part of him had known that he would get this kind of result, but he's not willing to acknowledge that part yet.

Instead, he focuses on the part of his brain that's telling him that it's just a stupid online quiz, and that they are never accurate. They're just a bit of fun.

Dream is not in love with George.

He exits the voice chat quickly after that, leaving a very confused George behind.

Half panicked, he heads downstairs to the front room, where he finds Sapnap on the couch scrolling through his phone. Patches is sleeping peacefully next to him, resting against his thigh. She had grown rather fond of him despite not letting him touch her for the first week of him being in the house.

Sapnap looks up from his phone and grins at Dream. "Dude, when were you going to tell me that you're in love with George?"

Dream's eyes widen. "What? I'm not in love with him, Sap! D'you seriously believe a stupid online quiz?"

Sapnap tosses his phone onto the couch and shakes his head smiling. Patches raises her head, awoken by the quiet thud of the phone landing on the cushion next to her. "Nah, I don't believe a stupid online quiz, Dream."

Dream feels a slight rush of relief run through his body, he doesn't need more people questioning his relationship with George than there already are. Wilbur had misunderstood George's jokes about it to be him coming out, not to mention that practically everyone they meet thinks they act like a married couple.

"But," Sapnap continues, making Dream stiffen, "I did notice that you said you think about kissing him."

Dream opens his mouth to speak but the words get stuck in his throat. He stares right back at Sapnap, who just raises a questioning eyebrow.

"Do you not think about kissing your friends?" Dream finally speaks. It's normal to think about

that, right? Doesn't everyone wonder what it would be like to kiss their best friend every once in a while?

“Dream, I'm going to put this very simply,” Sarnap begins, eyeing Dream with the start of a small grin . It makes Dream shift uncomfortably where he stands. “You're my best friend right?” Dream nods and Sarnap continues. “ I'd rather go swimming with the wild alligators in the lake behind our house than kiss you.”

“There are no alligators behind our house,” Dream tries, but Sarnap gives him a look that tells him that his attempt of changing the subject has failed.

“You know that's not the point.”

Dream does know that. Somewhere within him, he also knows that Sarnap is right; that most people don't think about kissing their friends for no reason. But, he's not ready to start thinking about the possibility that he could possibly have feelings for George that aren't purely platonic.

Sarnap stands up from the couch and stretches before making his way across the room to the doorway that Dream is leaning against. He lightly pats Dream on the shoulder. “Don't worry about it dude, I'm pretty sure he likes you too,” he reassures, making his way past Dream to head towards his own room, leaving the blond to stand there, dumbfounded.

Patches meows at him from the couch, and it almost feels like she's mocking him. “Oh come on, not you too,” Dream exclaims. She meows again.

“Are you hungry?” Dream asks, and she answers by jumping from her spot on the couch and walking to the kitchen. He follows her, allowing her to silently judge him as he fills her food bowl with the expensive wet food his mom bought. “You're spoiled.”

She nudges his ankle with her face, impatiently waiting for him to place her bowl on the tray.

“I'm not in love with George,” he mutters, feeling pathetic at the inclination to convince his cat that he doesn't have romantic feelings for someone who lives across an ocean.

That's the last time he lets the thought cross his mind before he decides to distract himself with editing for the remainder of the day, but when he falls asleep that night; he dreams of George and

the way that he would kiss those pretty pink lips, pulling him closer and closer at the airport.

When he wakes, he pushes the dreams and thoughts away to the back of his mind.

He is not in love with George.

Four weeks of Dream trying to ignore the intruding thoughts of George pass by.

It's mostly successful; there were only a few slip ups, but not enough that anyone besides some of their fans think much of it.

And Sapnap doesn't bring it up again, which is something that Dream greatly appreciates. So it has been relatively easy for Dream to ignore.

However, there are times when the thoughts grow stronger, louder in the back of his mind; harder to push away.

Now being a good example; Dream is lying in bed with his back pressed into his firm mattress, staring at the ceiling, with a Discord call that's been ongoing for the past six hours.

It was meant to be a quick call. Dream just needed George to help him figure out what the problem with his code was, that was all. But as per usual, it had ended up with them talking about everything and nothing at the same time for hours on end.

At some point, they had both decided to move from their desks to their beds and rejoin the call from their phones.

They somehow end up here more often than not; neither of them ever really want to hang up, so they don't. They just stay together for however long it takes before one of them is forced to leave, or for both of them to fall asleep.

The calls encourage his mind to wander. They make the thoughts louder. Makes him think about what it would be like to be like this with George in person, to talk to him like this with him pressed

against his side but they eventually fall asleep with their legs tangled together.

“Dream?” George asks, promptly cutting off Dream’s train of thought before his mind can wander any further. “Are you still listening?”

“Yeah I— I am,” Dream stutters and George chuckles lightly, the sound encourages the sensation of small butterflies swarming somewhere deep in Dream’s stomach. He tries his best to ignore them.

“Then repeat the last thing I said,” George says smugly, clearly aware that Dream had zoned out and wasn’t listening, but he doesn't sound like he's upset by it.

“You said something about a challenge for a video but I zoned out. Sorry,” Dream mumbles, fiddling with the hem of his shirt and feeling bad for getting distracted even if George doesn't mind.

Dream *wants* to listen to George; he *wants* to hear his voice captured by the shitty phone mic until he drifts off to sleep, and then again as the first thing in the morning.

“It's alright,” George yawns, and Dream notes the sound of him smacking his lips afterwards. He struggles to hold back a smile.

It's almost 3AM for George. Sometimes Dream forgets their time difference, but it's barely noticeable since their sleep schedules are synced. It hadn't been intentional, in the beginning they had just accidentally fallen asleep on call, but nowadays they try their best to go to bed around the same time to maximize the amount of time they have together.

“Tired?” Dream yawns out, which makes him think back to the time George had told him that it meant that he loves him. George wasn't wrong, Dream does love him, a lot.

“Yeah,” George replies softly . He's silent for a beat, it's not an awkward silence, it never is with George. “Can you turn your camera on? I'll turn mine on too.”

It's nothing unusual for them ; they FaceTime quite often. After Sapnap had moved in with Dream it had become a frequent occurrence. It makes George feel like he's closer than four thousand miles away, something they've both been wanting for a long time.

“Yeah,” Dream murmurs, shuffling to balance his phone against a spare pillow. Once it's secure in its place, he presses the button on his screen and turns his camera on, George quickly follows.

George smiles. “Hi.”

He looks pretty like this, when the only thing illuminating his face is the dim glow of a street lamp seeping through his window from outside.

You're pretty , rests on Dream's tongue but is left unspoken. “Hey,” he says instead, smiling back.

George blinks slowly, struggling to keep his eyes open. “Can we fall asleep on call?”

“Of course,” Dream whispers.

It doesn't take long for George to slip off into a slumber after that, leaving Dream alone with the sound of his soft rhythmic snoring and his own thoughts.

The thoughts of what it would be like to have George peacefully sleeping in his arms slowly make their way back to his mind. It would be comfortable, to hold him, to keep him safe. It would be nice to press small kisses to the top of his head and run his fingers through his brown locks, to call George *his* .

And oh— maybe he is a little in love with George.

Taking the quiz was not the worst decision of Dream's life.

Watching a movie with a very jet lagged George was, because having someone that you're a little in love with this close to you can be dangerous if you're trying to convince yourself to keep things platonic.

George had fallen asleep around the twenty minute mark of the movie, something that would've

been fine if it wasn't for the fact that he had fallen asleep resting against Dream.

Dream doesn't even know how they ended up here. They had started the movie sitting on separate sides of the couch with a respectable distance between them, but somehow they had shifted closer to each other without realizing it.

A mop of dark brown hair brushes against Dreams' collarbone, tickling him lightly as George shifts to a more comfortable position in his sleep. Dream doesn't mind, in fact he actually quite enjoys having the olders frame pressed against him.

It feels natural, being this close to George. It was like that cold unexplainable emptiness Dream had felt throughout the last five years of late night calls and long conversations had finally disappeared and been replaced with a new comforting warmth.

George mumbles something that Dream can't quite understand since George's words are a slurring mess, but he doesn't put much thought into it, and he finds himself admiring George instead.

As George's head was lolled over Dream's chest, he can see all the little details he wouldn't have been able to notice through his small phone screen during their many hours spent on facetime, like the way George's hair has grown to curl at the nape of his neck, and how his freckles have already become more noticeable from the Florida sun. Dream wants to kiss them, counting each one as he goes.

The sight of George makes Dream fall harder than he already has done.

'A little in love' has started to feel like an understatement. Maybe he's more than just 'a little' in love with George.

It's getting late though, and Dream doesn't know if it's smart to have this debate with himself at this hour— *especially not with the boy in question lying on top of him.*

He carefully nudges George, trying his best to wake him without startling him. "George, we should move to our rooms," he gently whispers over brown curls, hoping that he'd be heard through the thickness of sleep.

George shifts uncomfortably, clearly unhappy to be woken up. "Hm?"

“We should move to our beds,” Dream repeats, just as gentle as before.

“‘M comfy here.”

“George,” Dream urges , but George makes it really hard for him to not cave in and stay on the couch.

George stays silent for a moment, still not moving from his position on top of Dream, before he turns his head slightly to gaze up at Dream through half-lidded tired eyes. “Can you carry me?” He mumbles, it's so quiet that Dream doesn't think he would've heard it if George wasn't so close to him.

Dream splutters. “What?”

George hums and then after a moment; “Please? ‘M tired.”

And Dream knows hell be damned if he says no, so he doesn't.

Instead, he carefully wraps his arms around George, scooping him up as he stands. George is easier to carry than expected but Dream supposes it makes sense, the brunet is short and skinny and Dream used to play football in high school .

George clings to him like a koala; his legs are wrapped around Dream's waist, while his arms are around his neck. One of Dream's hands has made its way into the soft curls on the back of George's head without him realizing but George doesn't seem to mind it, so Dream doesn't pull away.

Dream finally stops in front of the door to George's bedroom. “ We’re at your room, sweetheart ,” he whispers, he doesn't even realize he let the pet name slip until George points it out.

“I like the name,” he says sleepily, nuzzling his face further into Dream's neck. It feels far too intimate, far beyond the line between friends and more.

“Sorry,” Dream mumbles, feeling the heat rising in his cheeks. “It just kind of slipped.”

Dream slowly loosens his grip on George, setting the older down on the hardwood floor. George peers up at him with soft brown eyes. “Don't be sorry, I liked it.”

They stand like that for a bit, silently staring at each other with their bodies pressed together. It should be awkward but it isn't. George is the first to break the silence.

“What are you staring at, idiot?” He laughs, eyes crinkling at the corners with clear endearment. Dream could gaze at him for all hours of the day. George is absolutely ethereal, and finally he decides that he wants to tell George exactly that.

“You.”

George doesn't say anything for a moment, slowly blinking at Dream as his brain works to catch up to the moment. He then smiles and leans up to press a kiss to Dream's cheek. “Goodnight Dream,” he bids softly, turning to walk into his room but Dream grabs his hand before he's able to push the door open, and pulls him back.

He was *not* going to let this moment pass.

Before George can say anything, Dream slots his hand against George's jawline to tilt his chin back slightly before dipping down to press firm lips against George's parted ones. It takes George a moment to realize what happened, but when he does, he kisses back in an instant.

It's soft and it's sweet and it's absolutely perfect and it's everything Dream had thought of and more. It's wonderfully slow and gentle thanks to the grogginess in their tired bones and muscles, but Dream loved it this way; and he was certain he could get drunk on the taste and feeling of George under him like this.

But then it's over far too soon, and George sleepily chases his lips as Dream pulls away, encouraging a smile to grow on Dream's lips.

“Goodnight, George,” he replies, going to brush past George to his own room, but not before pressing one more sweet kiss against those bruised lips— *he'd be damned if he let any opportunity to kiss George pass him by.*

Dream is totally in love with George.

End Notes

u reached the end :D i hoped u liked it! kudos and comments are highly appreciated!

as usualy this was beta read by my lovely friend [cosmo](#) check her out!

come hang out on my [twitter](#) if want to!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!